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TOBY'S GOBLIN

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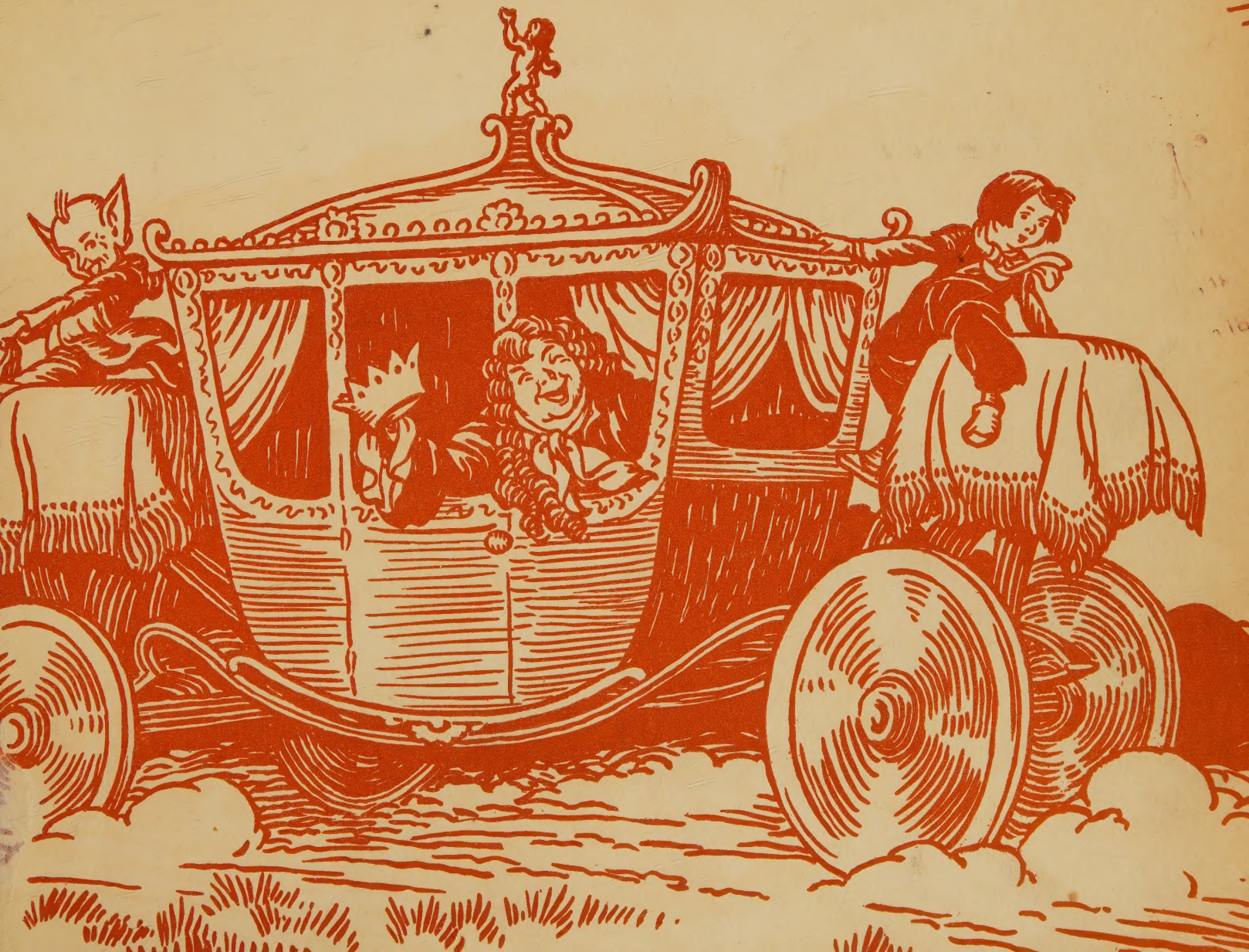
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TOBY'S GOBLIN

Toby's Goblin

By Elizabeth Howard Atkins

Illustrations by Uldene Trippe

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Toby's Goblin



Toby regarded his father with admiration—so big, so comfortably fat

TOBY'S GOBLIN

There Was a Jolly Miller Once



TOBY lived in a mill. The time was long ago, when there were Goblins and Fairies and Brownies skipping about the world. Toby

was little and fat, just of a size with the Fairy people. He had round, apple-red cheeks, shining brown hair with a gleam

of gold in it, and a tiny dimple, which appeared in a special place under his left eye when he smiled. All day long he laughed and sang, and darted about the house like a ray of sunshine.

The mill overhung the river's edge. It was built of gray stone, with a steep, sloping roof. The Miller's house nestled



close to it, so that the mill and the house together looked like one big, comfortable dwelling. Very old it was and a bit crazy-looking, this great stone building perched dizzily on the very edge of the rapid stream. Its color had softened through many storms, and it was covered with moss and lichen, and hung with vines, in which the birds kept up a continual chatter.

Toby had a tiny room of his own with a dormer window, which looked like an eye peering out. One day he made a great discovery. The wind (for who else could it be?) had made a garden in a

cranny of the roof. A brave little scarlet pimpernel nodded at him; a yellow buttercup, quite faint and pale with dizziness, greeted his astonished eyes. They were whispering together, and Toby listened with both ears.

"You see we are quite high up in the world now, higher than the roses, even!" remarked the pimpernel proudly. (Her station in life had always been very humble.)

"High, yes!" agreed the buttercup, trembling. "But I have never wanted to look down on anyone!"

"You have a very sweet nature, my

friend," the pimpernel told her, "but rather timid, if you don't mind my saying so. I suppose you were terribly frightened when you saw that funny, bent little creature prowling about the mill just before sunrise?"

"What creature?" asked the buttercup.

"A Goblin," replied the pimpernel in her tiny voice.

"A Goblin!" repeated the buttercup, trembling.

"Yes," said the pimpernel. "He seems to have driven away the Brownies."

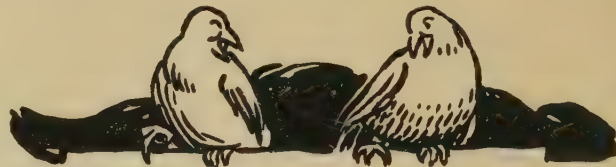
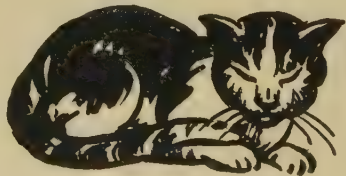
Toby leaned upon the sill, looking up. Had he really heard this whispering, or



was he just dreaming? It was sometimes hard to tell what was real in this world, where he had been such a short time. The flowers had stopped talking now; they only nodded, and the buttercup seemed to hold more tightly to the mossy edge of the roof. She was, Toby fancied, really a shade or two paler. But he must have been dreaming! He pulled on one stocking and his little shirt.

"A Goblin!" He spoke aloud.

It made him shiver a little. But perhaps that was just because he had so far put on only his shirt. No matter how hard he tried he never *could* seem to dress quickly.



"Toby! Toby, darling!" It was his sister Joan calling. He could smell the bacon cooking. Hastily Toby pulled on the other stocking. A Goblin!

Just a minute—he ran to the window again. He could see nothing unusual. The gray cat was sitting in the sun. The doves were cooing in their soft, sad voices. It was very high up, Toby's window, but the sill was so wide that one felt quite safe looking down.

In summer the river seemed to sing of the flowers and birds, as it ran so swiftly and smoothly over the stones. In winter, when the birds had flown away to the South and there were no flowers in the

garden or upon the roof, its song was loud and rough. Then Toby would hear the wind singing, too, in the tops of the trees.

The mill wheel moved to the measure of the river's song. It was green with damp mosses, and splashed the water into white foam and sparkling spray. Sometimes Toby could feel the cool mist upon his face; and that sent delicious shivers through him, as though his cheeks were being kissed by the cold river maidens who live down beneath the water. Where the stream broke into little whirlpools, there he often saw them playing hide and seek under the reeds. They wore dresses of pale green gauze, dripping with countless pearls and diamonds, and they waved to him and called him by name. But he did not



"Toby, darling!" It was his sister Joan calling

answer them; for he was a little shy of speaking to such wonderful little creatures as these.

But a Goblin—a “funny, bent little figure.” Toby looked intently before he put on his shoe. There was no one to be seen.

He was dressed at last, just as his sister’s voice called him again at the foot of the stairs. He made a fine clatter running down. Like a giant in seven-league boots!

How good the breakfast was—porridge in a blue bowl, a little humpy mound of it in the middle of a sea of cream, like an island. And when you put sugar on—that was the snow.

Toby was a great hand at pretending!

Now he lifted a spoonful of porridge to his lips.

“Father,” he inquired earnestly, “did you ever see a Goblin in our garden?”

The Miller looked over the edge of his big cup in astonishment, and Joan and Toby’s mother exchanged glances.

“A Goblin!” exclaimed the Miller, bringing his bushy eyebrows together over the top of his nose. “You must be thinking of the Brownie, Toby—the Brownie who used to live here when I was a little boy like you. I’d almost forgotten him, although it was I who was allowed to place his saucer of cream over there on the hearth every evening. Each morning it was gone.”

Toby’s mother laughed. “Of course, the cat drank it,” she said, her eyes twinkling.

“The cat! How could you!” said the Miller. “It was the Brownie, of course.



The Miller looked over the edge of his big cup in astonishment



The children ran to meet him and greet him

I almost saw him once when I got up early looking for a lost toy. He had just jumped up from his bed of ashes in the chimney corner, and I caught a flash of green coat tails as he darted out of sight. Oh, he was a grateful little Brownie! He swept and dusted and kept the mill as spotless as the cabin of my uncle's ship that sailed the China seas."

"Oh, I wish he'd come back!" cried Joan.

"It would be wonderfully pleasant," agreed Toby's mother.

"Marvellous," said the Miller, and he leaned back in his chair and matched his thumbs together.

Toby regarded his father with admiration—so big, so comfortably fat, with a face like a rosy winter apple. There was no one so jolly in the world. When he laughed it was like a loud and merry March wind blowing down the chimney, and was far more catching than the whooping cough or the measles. When he walked abroad, all the dogs followed him, and the children ran to meet him and greet him in glee—so many children that Toby was afraid sometimes of getting lost in the crowd, and would cling to the big warm hand tightly.

The fame of the Miller's good nature had spread from town to town, and was even (as you shall see) to reach the ears of the King in his castle, where his Majesty sat dolefully in a gold chair, signing papers till his wrist ached

and pressing the seal of his big ring into wax until he yawned with weariness.

On the sheltered side of the mill was a garden, hidden from the road by a thick hedge of clipped yew. Here grew sweet lavender, clove pinks, old-man's-beard, pansies, hollyhocks, hens and chickens, traveller's-joy, and damask roses; their names to Toby seemed as lovely as the flowers themselves. There were beehives in a neat row against the stone wall above the river, and in a sunny corner stood the dovecote on its long pole. It had round windows under little green eaves and was painted the color of sugar hearts on Saint Valentine's Day.

Toby loved the garden, the cooing of the doves, the buzzing of the bees as they gathered the sweet juices of the flowers.

He liked to watch the lazy flight of the velvet butterflies, and the busy spider spinning his web of silver threads from one branch to another. He loved sitting very still before the hole where the little field mouse sometimes stuck out his trembling nose and agitated whiskers, staring so hard with timid, bright eyes.

Over there under the oak tree Toby had built a beautiful estate. There was a castle made very carefully of little stones, and a great wall and a wide moat, and inside the wall was a little forest of heather and a lake (it was really a bit of looking-glass). On it sat a swan made of wood and painted white. It was almost as big as the castle—it was the king of the swans, and was enchanted, Toby pretended.

Near the lake Toby would spread a

tiny square of white cloth, and on it place little acorn cups and the wee red apples of the hawthorn. It was a picnic; and presently out of the castle would come all the lords and ladies, and they would laugh and bow gracefully to one another and sit down to the feast on the moss. Toby could see it all as he crawled about, humming and pretending to be lords and ladies. He was the knight with his white plume, the lord of the fair domain; he was the lady in her pink velvet gown and gold slippers; he was the odd, little dwarf who sang and danced; he was the bad fairy who had come uninvited to the picnic.

Sometimes he would pretend that he was a great giant in seven-league boots, inspiring terror in the hearts of the people of that fair domain. With his

enormous foot he might destroy park and castle; they would fall in ruins as he laughed with a "noise like thunder," as it said in the stories. But that would be a pity, everything would be spoiled except the king of the swans. So he hummed and murmured and crawled about under the oak tree or lay flat on his stomach. He was very fond of pretending, was Toby.

He could pretend that he was almost anything or anybody. He could be a mouse crawling in and out of the shadowy corners of the mill. He could pretend that he was the wind, or a boiling kettle, or a prince, or a Puss in

Boots. His sister, Joan, told him many stories as she tucked him in bed at night, and there was not a person or a thing in her stories which Toby at some time or other did not pretend to be.

Toby loved his sister, and thought her as beautiful as all the princesses in the stories. When she let down her long, red-gold hair, it made him think of Aschenputtel or Fair Rosamond.

But now, suddenly, he found himself thinking as he lay in bed at night, after Joan had set the little rushlight on a chair and kissed him and tucked in the covers and listened to his prayer,— thinking about Brownies and Goblins!





“But what will the Queen say?” the King inquired timidly

What the Doctor Ordered

HE doctors had ordered the King to take to his bed. The poor King! The Queen had such a disagreeable nature she was sulking in her room and had called for smelling salts, because the Court Milliner had put the plume on her new hat on the left side instead of the right. The Maid of Honor had offered to change it with her own fingers (she could really sew very nicely), but the Queen was furious and had flung herself on a brocaded sofa. It was a very

unhappy household. There was also the Prince. He was eight years old and had had twelve hundred presents for his birthday, but not one of them pleased him.

The King sent for a new doctor.

This learned gentleman now stood by the Sovereign's bedside, rubbing his chin with a slim, bony hand.

"What you need, your Majesty, is an interest in life," said the Doctor. "Some sort of hobby. Can't you collect postage stamps?"



The Queen had flung herself on a sofa

"Oh, dear, I've done that," moaned the King.

"What about birds' eggs?"

"I've a whole museum of them," said his Majesty, gloomily.

"Well, — ah, hmm — what about — oh, I've got it!" cried the Doctor, rubbing his hands together. "What about collecting friends, eh? Good-tempered people, amusing people, who'll make you forget your troubles and your rank and all those nuisances!"

"But what will the Queen say?" the King inquired rather timidly.

"Your Majesty, are you not King?"

"That is so," said the King, sitting up. "I must have courage."

"Exactly!" cried the Doctor.

That was how the King found an interest in life. The Court was put to work hunting up friends for the royal collection. Every third Saturday his Majesty now gave a banquet at the palace. Even the Queen became interested, and would peek in at the door to

listen to the jokes and laughter, and marvel at the cheerful, ruddy, smiling group gathered at the King's table. But she had not yet been invited to join, as she seemed to like being disagreeable.

One day a very good-tempered friend, who was also a great gossip—only she was an unusual sort; for she always ran to tell everybody the pleasant things about others—presented herself to the King.

“Your Majesty,” she said, “I believe I have found for your august collection a really remarkable example of good nature. It is a Miller who lives on the edge of your kingdom. You must have him!”

“‘There was a jolly Miller once, lived on the River Dee,’” sang the King, while his crown slid over one eye.

“‘He laughed and sang from morn till night!’” cried the Lady, making a little twirl.

“‘No lark as blithe as he!’” the King finished in a gay voice.



The King's crown slid over one eye

"That describes him exactly," said the Lady, wheezing a little from breathlessness after her dance.

"I must have him! I shall go and collect him myself," said the King eagerly.

He wasted no time, but called for his coach, and in a perfect fidget of anticipation began putting on his hat, hind side before, and his gloves, and his crimson velvet coat.

"Who knows but this Miller may prove the gem of my collection!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm as he bounced into the gilded coach.

"You stepped on my toe, Papa!" cried a peevish voice from within.

"What! Are you here?" cried the King in dismay. "Why aren't you polishing up your scales? You have your music lesson at four."

"I won't have a music lesson. I feel like taking a ride," announced his offspring calmly as he gazed out of the window.

The King stared. For a moment he thought he was going to lose his temper, but he held on to it tightly. He sighed heavily and took his seat beside the saucy heir to the kingdom.

"I should like to give him a good spanking," the King told himself, but presently his mood passed and he thought of the Miller of Michaelmas Mill. They drove through the town, turned to the right, crossed the Norman bridge, and trotted out on the long, white highway.

The delicate hoofs of the white ponies seemed to tap out the rhythm of the old song:

*There was a jolly Miller once,
Lived on the River Dee.
He laughed and sang from morn till night,
No lark as blithe as he.*

The country was all pink and white with May blossoms; there were little white lambs kicking up their heels on the hillsides; a farmer in his white smock took off his hat and held it against his

breast. "The King passes! The King passes!" People ran to their cottage windows. The lark sang; he, too, was happy.

The Prince had gone to sleep. He slumped in the corner of the coach. He was thin and ugly, and it made the King rather sad to look at him.

"I won't spank him," his Majesty thought.



Toby and the Prince

HERE, at last, was Michaelmas Mill. Gray and weather-beaten, its old walls rose up above the green hedge. The great wheel was turning heavily in the river. The white doves were sitting on the roof of their little house; the sleek gray cat was sunning herself on a stone by the door. A little boy was playing under the oak tree, and now he stopped and stood up and stared with wide eyes at the great gilded coach that had driven up to the gate in the

hedge. Could it be (Toby rubbed his eyes) that something he had pretended had come true? Or was he dreaming?

Joan came to the door, and her cheeks turned pink with excitement.

The footman unfolded his arms and uncrossed his elegant white silken calves, then descended with dignity from his perch and approached the doorway.

"This is Michaelmas Mill?" he asked in a deep voice. Joan curtsied.

"The King commands an audience with the Miller!"

But now the King himself, unable to restrain his eagerness, had pushed open the gate and come into the garden.

"There, there, my dear," he said amiably, "don't be frightened; don't stand on ceremony, I beg you, but run and call your father." He flounced back his lace cuffs and took a pinch of snuff.

"But won't your Majesty have a chair?" Toby's mother asked, all of a flutter, as Joan disappeared to do the King's bidding.

"Delighted," said his Majesty, as he seated himself and looked about him. "My word, how good that fresh bread smells!" he exclaimed, his nose twitching like a rabbit's.

"You shall have a slice fresh from the oven!" cried Mrs. Tepper. "And with honey on it if you like!"



The King sat, burying his teeth into a slice

"Honey!" cried the King, smacking his lips. "And how could you know that honey is what I like best of anything in the whole world? You have a head on your shoulders, my good woman!"

Presently he sat, blissfully happy, burying his august teeth into a noble slice.

Meanwhile Toby, having gazed upon the King sitting in the kitchen, turned his attention to the coach. Once more the footman, a trifle more haughty-looking than ever, was at his post; the coachman sat in front, holding the bright scarlet reins. Their noses were in the air; they looked neither one way nor the other. "What are Kings coming to?" their expression seemed to say. Toby would have liked to have touched them to see if they were made of wood.

The coach door was open. To Toby's astonishment he beheld a little boy huddled in the corner, a boy not much older than himself, who stared at him rather sullenly.

"You're a Prince, aren't you?" Toby exclaimed, a trifle breathlessly.

Still the boy stared at Toby but said nothing.

"*Are* you a Prince?" persisted Toby.

"Yes," the other replied with a yawn.

"A *real* Prince?"

"Real? Of course I'm real," the boy replied, his red lips pouting. "I'd never trouble to *pretend* I was!"

"I've often made believe I was one," said Toby dreamily.

The boy laughed. "Pretended to be a Prince!" he cried. "As if there could be any fun in that! You must be crazy!"

Undismayed by this mockery, Toby continued, "I can pretend I am almost anything. Sometimes I am a giant. I can be a general, and I can be a man with a monkey, and a dancing bear—" He stopped and his fat pink cheeks grew a little pinker.

In spite of himself, the bored young Prince in the coach was beginning to get interested. Here was something new in his young and weary life, a boy who liked pretending, a queer little boy, so small and fat and smiling.

"You're a funny little fellow!" the Prince cried, and this time there was really nothing mocking in his laughter. "I suppose you have a good many toys?" he now asked, curiously.

"Well," said Toby, counting, "there's the white swan. And I've a few marbles,

and a ball, and a jumping jack, but he's lost his arm," he lamented.

The Prince snorted. "I have sixteen ships," he boasted, "and thirty-seven paint boxes, forty carts with red wheels, ten drums, and fifteen pocketknives. I have so many music boxes I haven't counted them. I break toys when I get angry. I threw away all my tin soldiers and the dog that wound up. I have a hundred picture books, and I hate them all!"

This time it was Toby's turn to be astonished.

"And you don't get spanked?" he inquired in an awed tone.

"Spanked! Ho! I'd like to see some one try it," the Prince answered. "I am rude to the servants, and they are afraid even to answer me back!"



"You're a Prince, aren't you?" Toby exclaimed

"But the King, couldn't he do it?" Toby asked.

"It's not etiquette for a King to spank!" the Prince replied, smiling really pleasantly.

Meanwhile in the large kitchen of the mill, smelling so comfortably of bread and honey, the King and Toby's father were making each other's acquaintance. The King was positively radiant with joy at finding another good-tempered person to add to his growing collection. His whole face was one bright beam of delight, and he took, in his excitement, far more snuff than was good for him.

"*Akerchew! Akerchew!*" he cried, pressing the Miller's hand fervently. "I'm having an exhibition on Saturday night—*kerchoosium!* and there'll be tests to see who has the best temper, and

prizes. Soup poured down necks—that's one test! And a soufflé made of so—but I mustn't tell you! It has to be a surprise. I make up all the tests myself. I often laugh out loud at night when I think up a good one. It's more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

"Of course," he added in a low and mournful tone, "in certain stiff circles I'm supposed to be going a bit too far, getting a little too democratic. Her Majesty, for instance! But no matter! It's no joke being a King, and I must have a hobby or die, so the doctors tell me. My collection of good-tempered friends has saved me from an early grave. It's a terrible strain being a King, all that etiquette, signing papers, and

laying cornerstones, nobody realizes—*kerchoosium!*"

He shook hands all around, and as he stepped into the coach, observing Toby deep in conversation with the Prince, who still sulked in a corner, the King felt in his pocket and drew out a silver coin.

"Buy yourself something, little Toby," he said, patting the small boy's rosy cheek. "A toy or anything you like."

Then, as Toby stood wondering and smiling, and I assure you that he had not forgotten to say "Thank you," either, the coachman cracked his whip, the postilion sounded a musical blast upon his trumpet, and the King was off and away, leaving a happy household behind.

The Mystery at the Mill

EVERYTHING had been prospering at Michaelmas Mill, and each third Saturday, in his well-brushed coat with the brass buttons, the Miller took himself to the King's castle for a jolly evening. He had won most of the prizes, for his good temper was remarkable. His broad cheery smile, his pleasant voice with its warm tones, the twinkle in his blue eyes made him the favorite of every gathering.

But then something happened.

The millhouse, which had always been the tidiest place imaginable, everything in order and not a speck of dust anywhere, was suddenly thrown into the most terrible confusion. Joan and her mother could not work fast enough to catch up with the disorder.

The little brown bird who flapped his wings in the doorway of his snug house in the clock case could have told the Tapers something about it. But he had only one word for everything, "Cuckoo!"

"I don't know what happens to the



The millhouse, which had been the tidiest place, was suddenly thrown into confusion

time these days," Toby's mother would say as she looked up at him, say at four o'clock, when she and Joan had only just started to do the breakfast dishes.

Was it just fancy that he heard something, Toby asked himself one night, as he sat up in bed and listened. Was there a rustling in the rafters in the room below? a little laugh, not a pleasant one, but a tiny, grating sound? A mouse squeaking, perhaps? Or the bundle of dried herbs swaying in the breeze which came down the chimney? He could not tell, so he pulled the covers over his head and snuggled down to sleep again, pretending he was a polar bear burying himself in a cozy snow bank.

The Cuckoo tried to tell him about it.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" he cried earnestly, flapping his wings. ("I have seen

some strange doings after midnight," was what he was really saying.)

From their high point up on the roof the pimpernel and the buttercup saw something, too, and shuddered on their slender stems and leaned close, but did not even dare to whisper.

The disorder was worse in the mill than in the house. Where did all the dust and rubbish come from? Not the clean, white dust of the flour, but rubbishy, grubby dust such as one might gather up in a dustpan on the King's Highway!

Ruefully Jock, the Miller, ran his fingers through his shock of red hair. Those sacks, piled up so neatly yesterday, now all in a mussy heap! Holes in the bags of flour ready for market, holes where the precious meal ran out and spilled upon the untidy floor!

The Little Green Suit

IT WAS Joan who remembered the Brownie.

Toby was tucked in bed and the rest of the Tepper family were gathered gloomily before the fire resting.

"All one has to do is to give him a little green suit once a year and the top of the milk and a bed in the warm ashes. It's no harm trying to bring him back," Joan cried. "For there once *was* a Brownie at Michaelmas Mill. You told us so yourself, Father!"

"Why not make a little green suit out of Father's old coat, and trim it with brass buttons?" asked Mrs. Tepper.

"The very thing!" cried Joan, and she ran to the cupboard to get the coat.

There was plenty of fine cloth and some to spare. Those long coat tails could be transformed in a twinkling to a beautiful little pair of tight breeches!

"I shall make the suit at once, even if I have to sit up all night," Joan exclaimed, while her mother hurried off for needle and thread and the big scissors.

"I shall contribute the brass buttons," said Jock, eagerly.

Snip! Snip! Snip! went the great scissors, and Joan's clever fingers had cut out a little suit in no time. Fast flew the needles, and Jock polished the brass buttons until he could see his smiling face in them.

At midnight the little green suit was finished and every button in place, a shapely, cunning little suit, just the thing to please a particular Brownie. That's what the Cuckoo thought, as he looked out of his door and said, "Cuckoo!" twelve times. At the end of the twelve he said something else but nobody understood; they only thought the works needed oiling. But behind his door the small wooden bird positively shuddered.

Toby's own little chair was placed on

the hearth and the suit carefully hung over it. The best milk pan was polished till it shone like silver, then filled with new milk which would have plenty of thick cream on it before cockcrow. Jock, kneeling on the hearth, sifted the warm ashes into a beautiful white mound to make a bed for the Brownie.

"The suit is finished, the cream is setting, the bed is ready," said Joan.

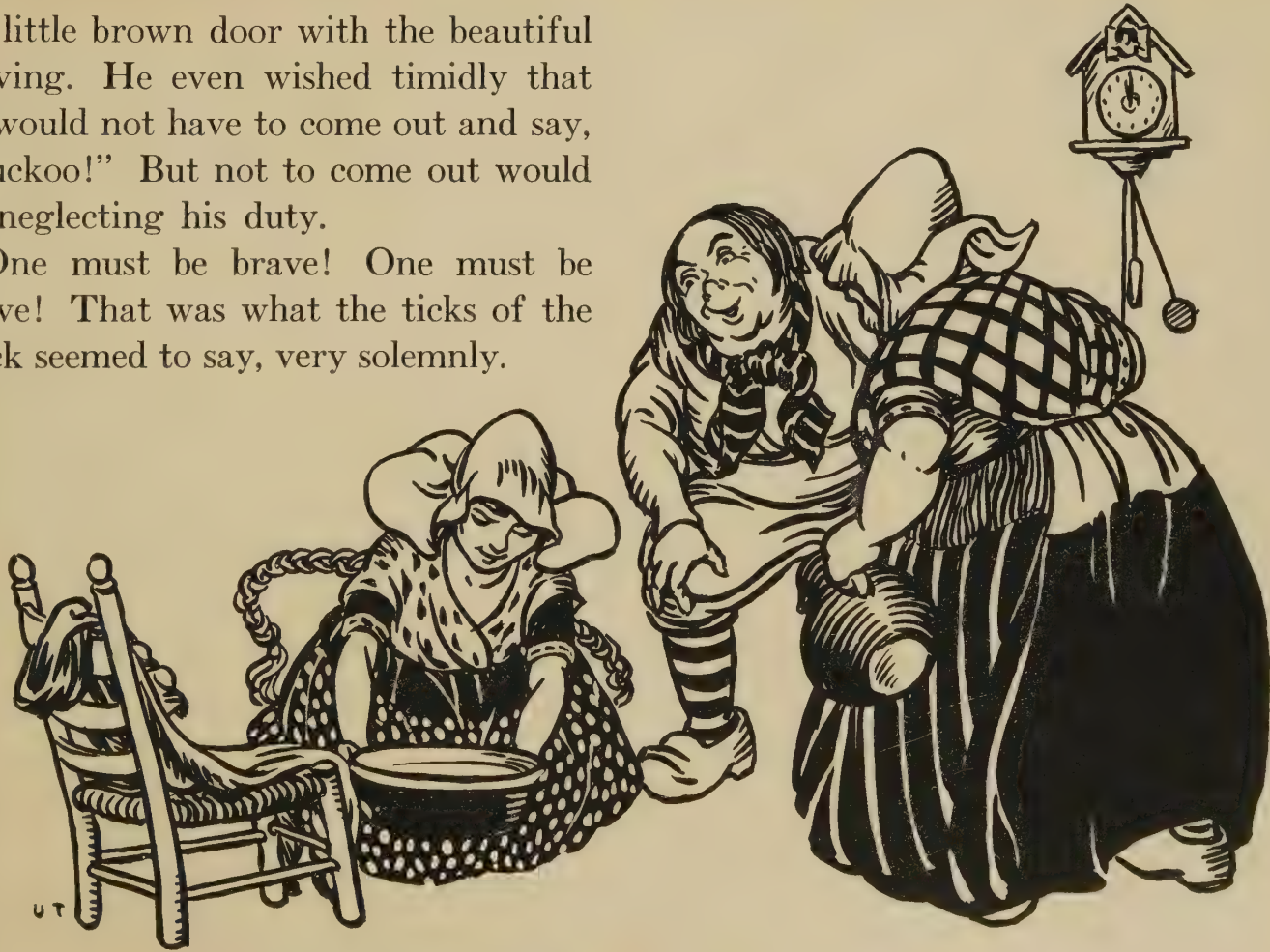
"There's not a Brownie in the world who would not be proud of that grand little suit!" exclaimed Jock, the Miller. "It is fit for a prince!"

"Just for luck!" said Joan, and she stuffed a little round cake in one of the pockets, and a nut in the other, and a wee red apple in the third.

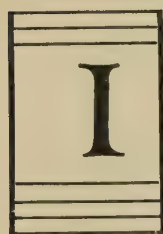
The Cuckoo felt very uneasy. He knew he should not sleep a wink behind

his little brown door with the beautiful carving. He even wished timidly that he would not have to come out and say, "Cuckoo!" But not to come out would be neglecting his duty.

One must be brave! One must be brave! That was what the ticks of the clock seemed to say, very solemnly.



A Birthday or Christmas?



IT WAS the middle of the night when Toby awoke. The bright moonlight shone through the parting of the curtains and straight across his pillow. At first Toby thought it was a giant who had laid a long white finger on his forehead. But when he saw it was only the moonlight, he laughed and chuckled.

Creeping out of bed, he danced about on his little bare feet in his long, white nightgown. The pale silver light of the

moon, shining into the room, made the dark corners seem blacker than ever.

An owl flew past. "Whoo! Whoo!" it said, making Toby think of Ghosts and Goblins.

"Whoo! Whoo!" mimicked Toby softly. He wished that he could fly, so he could pretend that he was an owl.

How large and round the moon was! It was bigger than any millstone in the whole world; it was bigger than the mill wheel, even.

He would not have found it difficult,

as he stood looking out of the window, to pretend that he was in a new and strange country. There were the same hills, to be sure, and the same meadows, the great trees and the river, but all the bright colors of day were gone. The trees were quite black, like blots of ink. The hills looked immensely high, and deep shadows lay in the hollows, like the dark cloaks of great giants.

The river was black, too. But as it rushed past, it was full of splashes of silver like long fluttering ribbons, the light of thousands of stars. Toby saw that the moon's reflection was skipping and dancing, too, in the cold, rushing stream.

"I am the only person awake in the whole wide world," Toby cried. (For, he had not yet studied geography, you

see, and he did not know that away over in China people were then sipping their tea in the sunshine.)

But what was that? Out of the corner of his eye he had seen something moving behind him. He turned away from the window with a little jumping in his heart, to find that it was only his shadow upon the wall! An enormous shadow and so tall that its head was lost somewhere in the rafters.

"Oh, I am a giant," thought Toby, delightedly, and he spread out his arms, laughing to see what long ones the shadow had. He wiggled his fingers, and the giant shadow obligingly wiggled back with its immense long ones. Then Toby crept nearer to the wall, stooping, creeping.

"Now I am a dwarf," he pretended.

The shadow dwindled, became small and humped, and as Toby leaped and danced, it leaped and danced, too. It danced with him down the winding stairway and into the sitting-room.

There Toby saw that the night had cast a magic spell over everything. The fireplace yawned like a dragon's mouth, and the clockface looked as round and white as the moon itself. Even the Miller's chair seemed bewitched and looked to Toby like a dancing bear. The better to watch it he curled up in Mother's chair opposite. He would pretend he was at the circus.

Over there in the corner, with a shawl hanging over it, the deal chest looked for all the world like a big rhinoceros. The white curtains at the open windows danced out in a little breeze and sud-

denly billowed into clowns and a beautiful lady with a star in her hair, for Toby's make-believe had melted into a dream. He was fast asleep!

It was the Cuckoo who woke him, coming to his little door to say that it was four o'clock. Toby sat up and rubbed his eyes. He had had a beautiful dream. The lady with the star had jumped right through a hoop of fire onto the broad back of a beautiful white horse. The clown's laughter, the snap of a whip, the music, seemed to fill his ears still and almost seemed real!

But now he could see that it had been a dream. The white curtains were all rosy in the morning light, the deal chest *was* a chest, the dancing bear had vanished. And the Cuckoo had said that it was four o'clock!

Toby rubbed his eyes. What was that, over the back of his own little chair? He scrambled to his feet eagerly.

It was the little green suit, spread out so neatly for the Brownie.

"It is a new suit for me!" Toby thought blissfully, and he tried to remember if this was his birthday or Christmas! He was so happy he simply danced up and down on his little bare toes.

"Brass buttons!" he chuckled in a delighted whisper.

And in a minute he had slipped off his nightgown and was putting on the beautiful green clothes Joan had left there for the Brownie. And they fitted him exactly, except that he was a little too fat and burst a buttonhole in the waistcoat.



The shadow leaped and danced, too

"Pockets!" he observed joyfully, sticking his hands into them. And there were more surprises, a little round cake and a nut and a small red apple! So he ate them, of course, and they tasted very good, for Toby was getting rather hungry for his breakfast. Prancing over to the looking-glass which hung between the windows, he admired, in the still, dim light, his striking reflection.

"How nice I look!" Toby said right out loud, and he stood very straight with his hands down at his sides like a soldier, chin up and stomach in.

The poor Cuckoo was in such a panic he pushed open his door, though it wasn't time for him to appear, and looked out without saying anything, something he had never done in his life.

For there had been a knock at the door. Toby hadn't heard it; he was much too busy admiring himself in the glass. Anyhow, it was the faintest, tiniest tapping. One might have thought it was merely a mouse in the wainscoting.

But it wasn't! The Cuckoo shuddered, his little tail drooped unhappily, and he went back into the clock and shut his door and trembled behind it. Really, he *couldn't* look!

"I wish the Prince could see me!" Toby sighed in delight, as he regarded his gorgeous reflection. He twisted his head about, trying to get a glimpse of the coat tails.

And at that moment the house door opened, and in walked a little man, just the size of himself.

Minikin

HE little person had a head as round and smooth as a ball, with scarcely a wisp of hair on it. He had round eyes without any lashes and big ears which stuck out straight on either side. And he had long brown toes which he could curl about like fingers.

"Well, look who's here!" he cried, spying Toby. "The Last of the Brownies!"

He crossed the room with a light and lilting step and came close to Toby.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"It's Toby."

"Well, Toby, what a sweet little Brownie you are, to be sure. And my eye! but you're elegant! The cut of that waistcoat—whee! And those buttons! Turn around, coat tails," he said rather wistfully, bony finger on thin lip.

"But I'm not—that is, I thought *you* were one," Toby said faintly.

"One what?"

"Aren't *you* a Brownie?"

The creature clapped his hand over his mouth to smother a laugh.



"But you are wearing a Brownie's suit!"

"Me!" he cried, slapping his chest. "Minikin, the First of the Goblins, a *Brownie*! Oh, that is good, Toby, Last of the Brownies! My brother Toby! Brother of Minikin, First of the Goblins!" he cried, strutting and twirling.

"But I am not a Brownie, either," ventured Toby.

"Not a Brownie? But you are wearing a Brownie's little green suit! And you have round cheeks, round eyes, a tip-tilted nose, look as playful as a kitten and as cheery as a cricket!"

Though he was feeling neither very playful nor very cheery at the moment, Toby managed to answer, "I was just *pretending* to be one."

"Ah, I see," answered the other. "But where did you get the little green suit to pretend in?"

"It was lying on the chair," answered Toby, "and I've been trying to remember whether this is my birthday or Christmas."

"Hoity-toity!" cried Minikin. "That suit was never meant for you, my child. It was put there for a Brownie."

He began to dance again, crying in his squeaky little voice:

*"Oh, they need a Brownie at Michaelmas Mill,
Where I snatch and tear and muddle and spill!"*

Thin legs capering, he twirled and pranced dizzily, while poor little Toby, the tears gathering in his eyes, his lip trembling, stood watching.

"What stupidity!" Minikin suddenly exclaimed. "Pretending to be a Brownie. Why, you might as well pretend to be good! If you're so fond of pretending, why not pretend to be a Goblin! Meet

me here every morning in the sitting-room. Two of us could make the dust fly! What a lark, eh?"

But Toby drew back, and shook his head bravely.

"Then keep me a secret!" the thin voice said in Toby's ear. "There are pins!"

"Pins!" Toby's voice came faintly.

*"Jolly little pins when you're asleep.
Jolly little pins that go in deep."*

"If you so much as mention me to the cat!" Minikin threatened.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" The little bird had come to his door in the clock.

The Goblin wrinkled his forehead. "Five o'clock," he muttered, snapping his thumbs. "I must be losing my wits. Five o'clock, and I've not had my fun!"

He rushed into the pantry, and Toby could hear the crash of crockery, the thump of falling objects. Minikin came out, his teeth buried in a loaf of bread.

"A snowstorm! Let's pretend it's a snowstorm!" he cried, mockingly, and began to throw handfuls of crumbs into the air.

Now he leaped onto a chair and turned the books on the shelf upside down. The chair fell over with a crash, but, no matter, Minikin was up again like a bouncing ball, climbing on the dresser, where he mixed up all the best dishes, bit into the apples, and upset the tea caddy. Then he sat upon Mrs. Tepper's best bonnet and broke Jock's walking stick over his thin, bony knee. Finally he

climbed up the curtains like a monkey, and leaped from rafter to rafter.

"Pretend to be a Goblin, Toby!" he cried.

Now he caught sight of the pan of milk which had been left on the hearth for the Brownie. With one jump he reached it, and lifted the pan to his lips.

"Real cream!" he cried, drinking noisily.

Then he bent forward, pursing his thin lips, and with one great blow, he scattered the Brownie's bed of ashes out upon the hearth. Suddenly, he was beside Toby, clutching the brass buttons.

"*There are pins!*" he said in an evil whisper.

Then the door slammed, and the Goblin was gone.

The Goblin Gets a New Suit

T OBY stood there in the little green suit, the tears running down his fat cheeks. At last he began to sob aloud, and Joan heard him and jumped out of bed. At first she thought Toby was a Brownie! But when she became more wide awake, she saw that it was her fat little brother wearing the green suit!

“Oh dear, oh dear,” thought she, “Toby has frightened the Brownie away!” And she was so disappointed!

But she only kissed her small brother and as she held him close, begged him to tell her what was troubling him.

“It was a — a — a —” said Toby.

And then he stopped. He remembered about the pins!

“A *what*, dear?” asked Joan, as she hugged him closer to her. But Toby was silent.

“Any splinters in your bare toes, dear?” But he only sobbed the more.

“Are the buttons too tight?” Still no answer.



He cuddled up closer, glad of Joan's comforting embrace

"Was this suit a p-present for me?" asked Toby, at last.

"Not this one," said Joan. "This was put out for a Brownie, but if you wish, I will make you one just like it!"

"With pockets and brass buttons?"

"Of course, darling."

So Toby dried his tears at the thought of the new suit.

"Is it time for breakfast?" he asked.

"I ate the cake and the nut and the apple, but I'm hungry now!"

He cuddled up closer, glad of Joan's comforting embrace. The Cuckoo cried out that it was six o'clock.

Over Toby's shoulder Joan gazed with tired eyes at the disordered room, which she and her mother had left neat and shining a few hours ago. And perhaps Toby had frightened away a Brownie!

"I must have been dreaming," said Toby to himself, as he played that day in the mill.

He hopped and leaped over the sacks of flour, and tried to whirl on one foot, like a spinning top. The Miller stopped his work to laugh.

"And what are you pretending to be today?" asked he.

"I'm making believe I'm a Goblin," replied Toby.

But he said nothing more, remembering about the pins.

* * * *

So Toby had driven away the Brownie!

"But, of course, he did not know, poor little dear," said Joan, "that we were expecting one! And he liked the suit so much! He shall have one, too."

That very day, tired as she was, she got out the remaining bits of green cloth and began to fashion a suit for her small brother.

"It's too soon to give up," said the Miller cheerfully. "Tonight we shall arrange everything as before, put out the green suit, set the pan of milk, and make a bed of warm white ashes."

"Did you see," cried Mrs. Tepper, dismally, "this morning the Brownie's bed was strewn all over the hearth!"

"It must have been the wind," the Miller reassured her.

"But who drank the cream?"

"Perhaps," said Joan, "it was Pussy."

If they only could have peeped in upon what happened before the sun was up next morning!

In came the Goblin, this time without

knocking, and drank the cream off the pan. Then, throwing his own shabby suit into the stream which ran beneath the mill, he slipped into the beautiful green one Toby had worn yesterday.

"It fits me even better than it did Master Toby," he said approvingly, smiling at his reflection in the looking-glass. "And now I'll play Brownie and tidy up a bit!"

With that he ran into the mill and bringing back a handful of flour, he

blew it all over the room. Then he sucked an egg or two and smashed some others, and chewed the edges of the towels and tablecloths as if he had been a gnawing mouse. Indeed, he was here, there, and everywhere, in less time than it takes to tell about it. The house was soon as topsy-turvy as though it had been in the path of a whirlwind.

And when the sun peeped over the hill, the naughty fellow ran away, slamming the door after him.



There Are Pins!



HAT was that!" cried the Miller, leaping out of bed. He ran into the sitting-room. With the slamming of the door, Joan had jumped up,

too, and was there before him. As for Toby's mother, she had never run downstairs so fast in the whole of her life!

"It was surely the Brownie going away," said Joan.

And glancing at the chair back, she clapped her hands joyfully, and cried, "The suit is gone!"

"And the top off the milk, too!" said her mother.

"We shall have an easy life of it, now, my dears!" exclaimed the Miller, sinking into his easy-chair by the hearth.

And then they began to look about to see what tasks the good Brownie had done. But there was more undone than ever, as you already know.

"Who took the green suit?" cried Joan. "It was not Toby this time!"

"Who put butter on the clockface, I'd like to know?" moaned Mrs. Tepper.

"The impudence! And black soot in the teacups!"

And here was Father's best hat in the oven, and Joan's Sunday shoes in the flour barrel, and one thing and another so topsy-turvy it made one dizzy to look at it all!

"It wasn't a dream, then," thought fat little Toby, who had come downstairs, and was standing in the doorway.

And he opened his mouth to speak, but all of a sudden he remembered about something. It began with *p*. So, of course, he said nothing.

As he played about the mill that day, it seemed a strangely silent place. Ah, now he knew what it was that he missed!

"Why don't you sing, Father?" he

asked suddenly, looking up into the Miller's face.

Jock laughed and began to sing, but his heart was not in his song, for he was tired and troubled. Toby began to feel quite sad. He thought he would ask his mother for a little round cake to make him feel better.

"Cakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Tepper hopelessly, quite as if Toby had been asking for the whole world, stuffed with raisins and sugared on top! "There are none. I think Pussy ate them. Oh, dear!" She wiped her eyes on her apron.

It made Toby feel sadder than ever. Now he was sure it hadn't been a dream. If he could only forget, just for a minute, about the pins!

The Black Boxes

THE Cuckoo had cried out three times after midnight when the Miller, hearing a strange noise, awoke with a start. The Goblin had dropped the milk pan on the floor, just as he was holding it to his lips to drink the rich, yellow cream. Such a clattering and a splashing! Into the sitting-room Jock ran, warming pan in hand.

“So you’re the rogue!” cried he, catching sight of Minikin, who was standing there drenched with milk from top to

toe. And he began banging at him with the warming pan. Joan and her mother heard the noise and came running down the stairs.

Quick as a flash Joan dropped a flat-iron on the Goblin’s bare toes, crying, “Take off that green suit!” while her mother began boldly pinching his thin legs with the fire tongs.

But, strange to say, the Goblin seemed to mind it all no more than if they had been beating him with feathers. He jumped about like a green grasshopper,



Joan and her mother heard the noise and came running downstairs

and said strange words in his squeaky voice. At last he leaped right up on the high beam which ran from end to end of the sitting-room, and there sat swinging his heels among the hams and bundles of dried herbs.

As they stood watching, wondering what he would do next, they saw him poke his lean fingers into the three pockets which Joan had made in the little green suit. Out of them he whisked three little black boxes, opened the lid of each, and set them in a row beside him. They were very black and as shiny as glass.

Then Minikin began to sing. What a voice he had! It was like the squeaking hinges which you hear at night when you lie awake and the wind creeps through the house.

*“Spider ropes and wisps of hay!
Crickets chirping all the day!
Good Miller, as your grain you grind,
I fear what’s lost you’ll never find!*

*Snap! Snap!
Goes the trap!
Little box—
How fast it locks!*

*“Hornet’s nest and pale moonbeam!
Lightning flashes, souring cream!
Mrs. Tepper, to your cost
You’ll soon discover what you’ve lost!*

*Snap! Snap!
Goes the trap!
Little box—
How fast it locks!*

*“Whirlwinds, rats, and prickly nettles!
Scalding steam from boiling kettles!
What followed Joan since she was small
Now shall not follow her at all!*

*Snap! Snap!
Goes the trap!
Little box—
How fast it locks!*



He sat swinging his heels among the hams and dried herbs

"Ha Ha! HA! HAA!!" he fairly screamed, with such a squeaking and a squawking that everybody was obliged to stuff his fingers in his ears.

Then with a great leap from the rafters, his thin legs twinkling, he was gone out of the door and away.

"What a silly song!" said Joan. "As if something had followed me since I was a baby. Unless he means Pussy, I'm sure I—"

"Pussy yourself!" cried the Miller unexpectedly, losing his temper; although, as you know, it was he who had won most of the prizes at the King's parties, every third Saturday!

Mrs. Tepper and Joan gazed at him in astonishment. Mrs. Tepper opened her mouth to speak, when suddenly an amazing thing happened. In cap and ribbons, her head slid off her shoulders and went over and sat on the chimney

shelf between the pink vases and the two white china dogs.

For a moment Joan and her father were so alarmed that they neither spoke nor moved. As for Mrs. Tepper, you can imagine how astonished she was. She had had her handkerchief out to wipe a tear, now the tear was in one place and the handkerchief in another, and which was Mrs. Tepper?

"She's lost her head! She's lost her head!" cried the unhappy Miller, while Joan buried her face in her two hands and began to weep.

"Don't stand there crying," said Mrs. Tepper's head very crossly. "Somebody put me back where I belong! Oh, deary me! And which *is* me?" she wailed.

"There, there, Mother," said Joan softly, and she hurried to the chimney

place, took her mother's head gently in her hands, and placed it back upon her shoulders.

"Whatever in the world has come over us all," said the poor woman sadly. "Your father losing his temper! And me, my poor head! And you, goodness knows what's happening to you! I am afraid we are all bewitched."

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with me, Mother," said Joan, trying to comfort her.

But she looked over her shoulder a little anxiously, and the words of Mini-kin's song came into her mind:

*What followed Joan since she was small
Now shall not follow her at all!*

"I'm sure there's something wrong," protested Mrs. Tepper, "even without my spectacles."

"There isn't!" cried the Miller gruffly.

"But if there was, Father?" said Joan.

"Wasn't!"

"But there might be!"

"Suffering cats!" cried the Miller loudly, and he stamped on the floor, rattling all the dishes, and threw his cap

across the room, and whirled his arms like a windmill, and snorted, and pulled out ten hairs, and then, like Minikin himself, slammed the door and was gone.

He had lost his temper, it was very plain to see. He would win no more prizes at the King's castle.



All—All Is Lost!

 DREAMED that there were pirates in the sitting-room," exclaimed Toby, when Joan peeped in the door to see if he were awake. "What was that noise?"

His eyes were round, as he bounced up and down in bed.

"Well, I will tell you," said Joan, "if you'll promise not to be frightened. It was a Goblin, a real Goblin! *He* is the mischief-maker, Toby. It was he who took the Brownie's little green suit."

Toby sat up in bed and hugged his knees.

"Perhaps he won't come back again, now you've scared him."

"Oh, of course he won't come back!" said Joan, trying to look quite cheerful. But in her own mind she was not so certain.

Toby whistled and hummed as he pulled on his stockings and buttoned himself into his own little green suit.

He felt almost happy. They had found out about naughty Minikin with-

out his telling. But, then, would the Goblin think that he *had* told them, after all? *There are pins!*

That morning Toby rebuilt his little castle under the oak tree, added two new turrets, and patted the earth into a high mountain, with a lonely tower on top. But, somehow, it was not so much fun as usual. With the silver coin that the King had given him he had bought himself a small green cap, a tin whistle, and a round looking-glass. He occupied himself with these treasures for a little while, then left his play to feed the hens. They clucked and scratched and stared at him with round, unblinking eyes.

"The Goblin has round eyes, too," Toby found himself thinking. He played with his ball, but it made him think of Minikin's smooth, round head!

The Miller had really lost his temper. It was frightfully sad. To lose an ordinary temper is quite bad enough, but to lose the finest one in a Kingdom—! He said "Nonsense!" or "Fiddlesticks!" to everything, and rumped up his hair, and tramped heavily about the mill. There was only one song he sang nowadays:

*"Ach, mein lieber Augustine,
All—all is lost!"*

It made Toby quite sad, made him want to cry, almost!

Yes, a very good temper had gone off in the shiny black box in the left-hand pocket of the Goblin's little green suit. Toby did not know that. But there was an ache in his heart as if he, too, had lost something.

Then, too, there was his mother's



It had begun to be whispered that Mrs. Tepper was losing her head

head! It had begun to be whispered in the town, as the days passed, that Mrs. Tepper was always losing her head. It began to cause a good deal of gossip. Sometimes it happened so suddenly, even when there were visitors. Her head would bounce off her shoulders, cap and

all, and perch about on cupboard shelves and odd corners of the room. Poor Mrs. Tepper, she had much to vex her! And the Goblin was back every night, in spite of locks and bolts!

As to what had happened to Joan, nobody could guess, only that there was

supposed to be something missing which had, no doubt, gone off in the Goblin's other shiny black box, in the right-hand pocket of the little green suit.

"Alas!" said Joan, one day. "That we should ever have thought of a Brownie! That I should ever have made the little green suit!"

"I look nice in mine," cried Toby. "I'm glad you made one for me!"

"Bless your heart, fat little Toby!" said Joan. "You're the best Brownie in the world, after all!"

"Do I really look like a Brownie?" asked Toby, smiling.

"You do," said Joan, "only lots handsomer and a little bit fatter."

Toby hopped first on one foot and then on the other.

The Miller coming in at that moment cried, "Can't you be still a minute, Toby Tepper? You're restless as a sparrow!"

He could not guess, now that he had lost his good temper, that Toby was pretending to be a Brownie.

The mill wheel turned, grinding the meal into flour; the river sang its song on the way to the sea; the pimpernel and the buttercup nodded on the mossy roof; the doves cooed as if all were well.

But the Miller sang no more songs, only the sad refrain:

*"Ach, mein lieber Augustine,
All—all is lost!"*

The King's Dinner Party

IT WAS the very next day that an invitation came to the Miller from the King. His Majesty was giving a grand dinner party for his good-tempered friends. No one had told him that Jock's good temper had gone off in the left-hand pocket of a Goblin's green suit!

"Of course you won't go," said Mrs. Tepper, beginning all wrong.

"Of course I will!" said the Miller.

"But—" said Mrs. Tepper. She was

going to say, "But you've lost your temper!" However, she had learned wisdom, and so did not finish.

The Miller brought out his black suit, and his white collar, and parted his hair in the middle, and put on his shoes with the silver buckles, and set off for the King's castle.

There were a great many guests sitting at the long table, for the King's collection was really splendid. There were old whiskered gentlemen, and pretty old ladies in lace caps, as well as



A powdered footman passed the bouquet

many nice, comfortable, middle-aged people. There were dashing young fellows, and quiet young fellows, and pretty girls, and plain girls. But, no! You couldn't call anybody there really plain, because they all had such good-tempered faces, and there is nothing handsomer than a good-tempered expression.

It was, indeed, a beautiful party. The Queen, whose disposition was improving, had brought out all the best china and the gold knives and forks. There was a bouquet of handsome red roses in the middle of the table, upon which sat a number of artificial bees made of gold. They looked so real that everybody exclaimed with wonder. And one of them *was* real, and that was going to be a test; the King had thought it all out as he lay laughing in bed the night before!

Everybody was dressed in his best; everyone showed his teeth in a dazzling smile and vied with the others to be the most polite, the gayest, the most charming, as it was rumored the prizes this evening were to be something special.

And such good things to eat! There was enough to ruin the digestion, and that was another test,—to see who could survive that rich dinner without getting irritable.

“There is a gold bee for each one to take home to the children,” announced the Queen, pleasantly, and amidst murmurs of delight, a powdered footman passed the bouquet from place to place.

“How charming! What a marvel of the goldsmith’s art!” exclaimed everyone present.

But the unfortunate Miller picked the

real bee. No sooner had he taken it between thumb and finger than it did what a bee would!

“Ouch!” cried poor Jock, leaping to his feet. And then he said something even more dreadful, so that the lady at his right swooned away.

“It is a test! It is a test!” cried the guests.

But even that did not serve as a warning. The Miller’s face grew purple; he danced with pain and rage. He did not want a prize! He did not wish to be nice! He even wished, like a spoiled child, to be naughtier than ever and shock everybody. Suddenly he seized the bouquet from the powdered footman, gold bees and all, and threw it across the table into the King’s face!

And the King smiled!



"Ouch!" cried poor Jock, leaping to his feet



He threw the bouquet across the table into the King's face

The guests bared their teeth anxiously, one could scarcely say they smiled, for everyone was trembling and the guards swayed at their places and clutched their swords a little more tightly.

And still the King smiled!

"It is a test! It is a test!" cried everyone. "The King has won first prize! Long live the King!"

Indeed, his temper was perfect, his dignity superb.

"Hurrah for his Majesty, the best-tempered man in the kingdom!"

The poor Miller, in the midst of the

cheering, felt, as he sucked his thumb, more than a little absurd. He was a nobody. He had been angry, rude, and no one had even disputed his right to be these things. He had no one to fight with! It was rather embarrassing.

When everyone stood up to drink the health of the King, Jock stole out softly, unnoticed, by way of the kitchen, feeling very low in spirits.

But who was to know that the poor man's celebrated good temper had gone off in a small shiny box in a Goblin's little green suit?

The Shadow Portrait



THE King was going to have a birthday. He had decided to celebrate it by minting a new coin, on which should be the most beautiful profile in the kingdom. There was a great flutter among all the young ladies.

A celebrated artist had been summoned to the Court to decide who was the most lovely, whose delicate features should be modeled on a coin of the realm. Each day he drove forth to mansion and cottage, with his portfolio

under his arm, searching for the fairest in the kingdom.

But, however blue an eye, however rosy a cheek and white a slim neck, it was not those charms which counted most. Too many beauties had tiptilted noses, or two chins, or a forehead which bulged in the wrong place. The great man was in despair. Was there no flawless beauty in the kingdom?

On the seventeenth day, somewhat wearily, he drove up to Michaelmas Mill and spied our pretty Joan in the garden,



Cheeks pink, Joan sat for her portrait

feeding the doves. He leaned from the carriage, he put on his great horn spectacles. Ah, there was a beauty! Look at her nose! It was perfection. The little curl of her nostrils! The curve of her lips, her chin, firm and yet delicate! The celebrated artist sprang from his carriage. This was the face he had been looking for!

Once more a happy excitement filled Michaelmas Mill and made the good people forget the strange misfortunes which had come to them.

Toby danced for joy. He had always thought his sister more beautiful than Fair Rosamond or Aschenputtel. Mrs. Tepper tied her cap strings tighter than ever, but then this sort of thing would scarcely make one lose one's head! Nor was there anything here to test a temper,

thought poor Jock, as he poked his head in the doorway and saw the great artist getting ready to draw Joan's picture.

Toby was very much interested. The pens, the pencils, the little tubes of paint fascinated him. Tomorrow, he told himself, he would pretend that he was a great artist.

"Such a charming profile!" cried the great man excitedly. "I must draw it exactly. See, I shall place a sheet of white paper against the wall. And if you would pull down the curtains and oblige with a candle! And now a chair—" to which he ushered Joan as if she were a princess. "I place the candle here," he continued, "so that the beautiful shadow falls upon the paper—so!"

Her heart fluttering, her cheeks pink, Joan sat for her shadow portrait.



"Such a charming profile!" cried the artist

"But, what!" cried the great man, waving his pencil. He rubbed his spectacles, he gazed at the wall. The sheet of paper remained blank. Was it possible, or was he dreaming? For the girl cast no shadow! He moved the candle, he pulled the curtains closer, he leaped about wildly here and there.

A moan escaped from the lips of Mrs. Tepper. In spite of cap strings, her head rose gently from her shoulders and wafted to the top of the clothespress.

In the darkness, the great artist fell over his easel. "By the half-faced groat of King Harry! The house is bewitched!" he cried. And without even waiting for his hat he dashed from the mill, as if something were after him.

Yes, you have guessed it. Joan's shadow had gone off in a little shiny black box in the right-hand pocket of the Goblin's little green suit.

There seemed no end to the misfortunes of Michaelmas Mill!



Toby Pretends to Be a Brownie



MERELY hopping around and making believe he was a Brownie didn't satisfy Toby at all. He wished he really might be a sort of Brownie in

a secret way, for the real Brownies never liked to be seen at their tasks. If he only dared to get up very softly after the naughty Goblin was gone in the mornings, before the household was awake, and put everything in order again. Then they would think in Michaelmas Mill that the Brownie had come back.

What fun it would be! Could he really dare to do it? But what if he met Mini-kin? Toby could not help shivering a little. He was only a little boy, and he had remembered about the *pins*!

One night he sat up suddenly in his little bed. Perhaps the Cuckoo had awakened him in the room below, for the night was very still. He tossed off the covers and jumped out of bed. Below the window the river ran swiftly, with flashes of light upon its dark ripples, the reflection of the stars overhead.

Why, it was as if the river were full of pins!

What if they *were* pins, thought Toby, always pretending, those sharp, bright flashes dancing down there! Pins! Why hadn't he thought of it before? He would gather all the pins in the house and throw them into the river! If there were no pins, he would dare to be a Brownie!

Happily he hurried himself into the little green suit, for something told him that this was the hour when Minikin, bent upon the mischief in which he delighted, would soon be arriving.

He knew exactly where the pin-cushions were. And there were four pins on the pantry window sill, and a bent one lying on the hearth, and a rusty one in a crack of the floor.

Toby stole downstairs on his little bare toes, and, groping his way about in the dim light, had soon gathered every pin in Michaelmas Mill into his warm, plump hand!

Then, with heart beating fast, he opened a window and cast them all, one by one, into the dark rushing river, laughing softly to himself.

"The river is full of pins," he said, pretending. And now it was a little bit true! Perhaps the river maidens would like them; they could pin a flower or a bow of ribbon upon their pretty, flowing green dresses.

Toby was no longer afraid. He seated himself on the stool by the hearth, listening, with his chin in his two hands.

A mouse ran into the center of the room, glancing about with timid, bright

eyes. He knew that very often there was a feast of crumbs to be had at night.

"It is too soon, Mr. Mouse," said Toby in the smallest and squeakiest of voices. But the tiny creature was frightened. A gray flash, he scampered back again to his hole.

Toby's eyes travelled often from the clock to the house door. At last there was a rattle, the door was flung open, and Minikin stepped in as lightly as a thistledown. But, sharp as his eyes were, he did not see the motionless figure of Toby sitting on the stool by the hearth. He hummed to himself a goblin tune, skipped about a bit, then ran into the pantry and began throwing handfuls of sugar on the floor.

Next he nibbled at the cakes in the stone jar, fresh cakes baked the evening

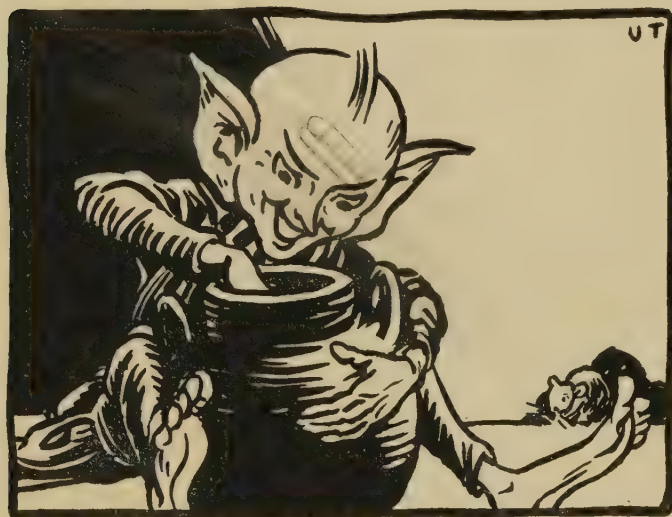
before. The mouse peeped from his hole in the wainscot. Nibbling and scrunching, Minikin took another cake and another, and what he did not eat he broke into bits and scattered about.

"Oh, dear!" thought Toby. "There'll be none left! It is time to begin being a Brownie!"

Softly he rose. As fast as Minikin threw things into disorder, Toby was behind him in the shadows. He swept up the sugar and gathered up the crumbs as swiftly and silently as he could. He was glad there was no moon.

"I am a Brownie," he told himself, pretending bravely, though his teeth chattered a little.

But all of a sudden a spoon slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor with a sharp, ringing noise.



He nibbled at the cakes in the stone jar

"Who are you?" cried the Goblin, and he leaped upon Toby, scaring him half out of his wits.

"I'm a Brownie," said Toby. He meant to shout it out in a great loud voice. But, somehow, the words would come only in a whisper.

"Oh, you can't fool me!" said the

Goblin, with a harsh laugh. "You're fat little what's-his-name." He spoke crossly, and seized Toby by the buttons of his little green suit.

"I'm being a Brownie," said Toby again, half crying and wishing he were in bed with the covers tucked in.

"Well, if a green suit makes a Brownie, there are two of us," said Minikin. "But I'm not the kind of Brownie that tidies up, I can tell you! I like to have a little fun in this world!"

"So do I," agreed Toby rather sadly.

"Then why don't you have it?"

"Because,—well, because things are so different," Toby said.

"Different?"

"We aren't—happy—" Toby faltered.

"So? Explain yourself," said the Goblin, a little less sharply.

"My father has lost his temper!" exclaimed Toby.

"You don't say so!" cried the Goblin, with a sly grin, patting the left-hand pocket of his little green suit.

"Aha!" said he, taking out a small shiny black box. Then he tucked it back again in his pocket.

"I love him just as much as ever," Toby was saying, "but we don't have as much fun as we used to. And I will tell you something else. But you must cross your heart you won't tell!"

"Yes, go on," encouraged the Goblin.

"My mother loses her head!" whispered Toby. "It sits on the shelf over the chimney sometimes. One day it flew 'way up on the rafters. I can put it back for her as well as anybody, but it makes me feel queer inside."

The Goblin nodded his head. He was fumbling in the waistcoat pocket of his green suit. He took out another little box, shook it, and put it back again.

"Any more secrets?" said he.

"Oh, yes," said Toby, mysteriously. "Joan has no shadow!"

Minikin patted the right-hand pocket



Toby silently gathered up the crumbs

in his little green suit, and laughed his squeaky laugh. He whisked out a third little black box, and after he had glanced at it, he whisked it back again.

"You're a talkative little fellow!" said he, chucking Toby under the chin. "Last time, though, as I remember, you were afraid of me—quite! I don't wonder! I have queer ways. But one must have a little fun in this world, eh?"

"I'll tell you why I'm not afraid of you," announced Toby, proudly.

"Yes?"

"*There are no pins!* Not a pin in the whole wide world! For I threw them all out of the window!" And Toby began to dance, first on one foot and then on the other.

Minikin wrinkled his forehead.

"You're a funny little fellow," said he.

"But how do you know, indeed, that I haven't a whole pocket full of pins?"

Toby's face fell. But the next minute he was smiling.

"You've only three pockets," said he brightly, "and a black box in every one. There isn't any room for a pocket full of pins!"

"You are wiser than a judge in a wig, Toby," said Minikin. "Indeed, you are wise enough, and have eyes sharp enough to be a Goblin, Toby!"

"Are Goblins wise?" asked Toby.

"Why do you ask?" demanded Minikin curiously.

"Well — because —" said Toby. And then he stopped.

"Go on," said the Goblin.

"Because," began Toby over again, "I don't think *you're* so awfully wise!"

"Why not?" asked Minikin. "Speak up, Toby, for I shan't harm you, I promise!"

"I don't think you're wise," explained Toby, "because you're always naughty. Why, you broke the lid of my mother's best teapot in six pieces yesterday."

"And a grand clatter it made," laughed Minikin, wagging his ears. "And so did the sugar bowl I broke the day before yesterday. That was sixty pieces, wasn't it? The finest music in the world! They break better on the hearthstone than anywhere else, Toby. It's well to remember that, if you ever want to have a good time, too."

"A good time!" said Toby, indignantly. "But don't you feel as if there were needles sticking into your heart when you're being naughty?"

"Indeed, I never thought of it," said the Goblin, rubbing his chin with a bony hand. "Meddling and mischief are the well-known traits in our family. We're rather proud of them, in fact. My great grandfather used to sit on the King's chest while he slept and prick his nose with a needle! The bluest blood in the world, they said! But I will tell you, Toby, it was as red as anybody's; and who should know it better than I, who was told it by my own great grandfather? Needles, yes, as well as pins! But I never heard of any Goblin swallowing needles!"

"I don't mean *real* needles!" protested Toby. "I mean the hurt inside, when you know you're being naughty!"

"Nonsense!" said the Goblin, snapping his fingers. "Listen, Toby! We've

all got to have fun in this world! And I'm not so young as I used to be. I was a hundred and eighty-seven day before yesterday!"

"You ought to know better, then," said Toby, just as if he were his own great grandmother in spectacles! The Goblin laughed so loudly that Toby put his fingers in his ears.

"Hoity-toity!" cried he, the Cuckoo that moment having opened his door in the clock, "how late it is getting! We have had an interesting time, however. But now for a little fun!" And as he spoke he began tearing Mrs. Tepper's new tablecloth into long strips.

Toby cried out in dismay, "Oh, stop, Minikin! I can pick up crumbs, but oh, dear! I can't put those pieces together!"

And the tears began to roll down his

cheeks, because he really wasn't a Brownie, you see; and because he wasn't such a very big boy after all. The tears rolled down and dropped on his little bare toes, for he had no handkerchief.

"Don't do that!" said the Goblin.

Very awkwardly, he stretched out his bony hand and patted Toby's soft, plump one. But Toby still wept, for now that he had begun it wasn't easy to stop.

"Here!" said Minikin, whisking something out of his left-hand pocket and pressing it into Toby's hand. It was a shiny black box.

"It's a nice box, Toby," said he. "You could keep marbles in it, or string."

Toby stopped crying to look at the box. How very black and dainty it was! Even in the dim light he could see his own face reflected on its polished sur-



He began tearing Mrs. Tepper's new tablecloth into long strips

face. He opened it. Something flashed past his face!

"What was that?" he said, startled.

"Oh, a little something," replied the Goblin.

"Tell me what, Minikin!"

"Oh, don't you collect things, Toby,—round pebbles, dried leaves, and so on?"

"Oh, yes," nodded Toby.

"Well," Minikin told him, "sometimes I collect things, too, no matter what! But this thing flew away! Never mind, Toby, I don't care! You keep the box and put marbles in it, or string."

Toby thanked him. It was a pretty little box and he liked it.

But he did not know that it was the Miller's good temper which had flashed past and returned to its place in the Miller's heart, as he lay sleeping.

"It is such a nice box," said Toby, gratefully, as he opened and shut its neat little cover. And he threw his arms about the Goblin's neck and kissed him!

Minikin trembled with delight. Poor old fellow, in all of his hundred and eighty-seven years no one had ever kissed him before!

"Look here, Toby," said he, "do that again, and I'll give you another box!"

Toby giggled.

"I could keep my pennies in one, couldn't I?" he said. But he added, politely, "I'm not kissing you for another black box, but because I like you, and I like kissing people I'm fond of!"

"How strange and warm it makes one feel inside!" said the Goblin, as Toby kissed him twice, once on each cheek. "Here's the other box, Toby dear." And

then he added, "That's a rather nice word, 'dear'!"

"It belongs with kisses," said Toby, as he opened the second box. Then he jumped again!

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

"Only another of those things I was collecting!" replied the Goblin. "But never mind, Toby. Just put your pennies in the box."

But do you know what had happened? Mrs. Tepper would no longer lose her head! It was growing on tighter than ever, as she lay in her bed in her night-cap and curl papers.

"These are such nice presents," said Toby. "I could almost pretend it was my birthday. Did you get many presents on yours, Minikin?"

"Presents?" asked the puzzled Goblin.

"Yes," said Toby. "On my real birthday I had a ball, and some books, and a real knife with four blades in it. What did you get on your hundred and eighty-seventh birthday?"

"Nothing," confessed the Goblin a little sadly. "It isn't a Goblin custom, giving presents. What we get, we take, don't you know!"

"Oh," exclaimed Toby, and he took a deep breath. "A birthday with no presents!" It was dreadful! One might as well have no birthday at all!

He felt in his own pockets. Out of one he took a green cap, with a rumpled cock's feather on it; and out of another he took a tin whistle; and out of the third a little round looking-glass.

"There!" said he, "I'm going to give you some birthday presents!"

The Goblin grinned, and positively trembled with delight.

"Nobody ever gave me a present before," said he. "It's very generous of you, Toby!"

He blew a few notes on the tin whistle.

"I like that!" said he.

"Put on the cap!"

"It is nice, too," said Minikin. "Beautiful! I like the feather. Are you sure, Toby, that you don't need this lovely cap? Don't you like it?"

"Oh, I like it a lot," said Toby. "But I like you, too. Put it on."

Minikin put on the cap. It fitted him well, and gave him quite a jolly look.

"Oh," cried Toby, gleefully, clapping his hands, "you look like a Brownie!"

He thrust the round looking-glass into the Goblin's hand. "Look at yourself!"

Minikin looked, his head a little on one side.

"What a horrible-looking creature I am, Toby," he groaned. "See all those wrinkles!"

"Wrinkles don't make people ugly," said Toby, "if they grow the right way."

"And what is the right way, my wise Toby?"

"All the corners turned up!" Toby replied.

"Well, perhaps you are right," agreed Minikin, thoughtfully. "There are wrinkles and wrinkles, once you come to think about it! Do I *really* look like a Brownie?"

"I am going to pretend you are one!" cried Toby.

"Listen, Toby!" said the Goblin. "I will *be* one! How does that suit you, to

have pretending come true, eh? I will sleep in the ashes here at night. Warm or cold ashes, it is no matter, now that my heart is warm."

"How nicely you talk!" cried Toby. "It is like a book! Perhaps you tell stories. You are so old, you ought to know a great many!"

"I do, indeed," said the Goblin.

"Oh, tell me one this minute, please!"

"Yes, certainly," said Minikin. "Dear me, Toby! I mustn't keep my hat on in the house, much as I like it! What shall I do with it?"

"Put it in your pocket."

"But I have only three pockets! The whistle just fits in the left-hand pocket, and the looking-glass in the waistcoat pocket. Look here, Toby! You have another empty pocket and I haven't.



"What a horrible-looking creature I am!"

Take this little black box, will you? I'm tired of collecting things, anyhow!"

"I should think you would be, at least of things you really can't see!" said Toby, opening the third box. "Oh! What was that,—like the shadow of a big bird?"

"The last of my collection!" said the Goblin, sighing a little. "But, now, would you like the story?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Toby happily.

"Aren't we having a good time, Mini-kin?" And Toby tucked the last little shiny black box in his waistcoat pocket.

While the Goblin told him the best story he had ever heard, Joan's shadow went back and lay down beside her.

The sun was just rising, darting its bright rays through the lacework of leaves. One might have pretended it was Mother Earth sewing her summer garment with long, glistening needles.



The Goblin Feels the Needles



HE Cuckoo cried that it was five o'clock, and the Miller rose to light the fire. He felt more light-hearted than he had for many weeks.

"What a glorious morning it is," he thought. "It is a good world after all!"

Then he wondered if there were not some one talking in the sitting-room. He listened. There *was* somebody talking! This is what he heard, with ear to the keyhole:

"And the knight leaped upon his

horse's back with the dragon's head under his arm. But as fast as his horse scaled the slippery mountain—"

The Miller opened the door a crack.

There on the stool by the hearth sat dear little Toby, clad in his little green suit, with his chin in his hands, listening eagerly. And on the floor with his legs curled under him, was a little man, just Toby's size, and dressed in a green suit.

"Why, it's the Goblin!" said the Miller to himself. Again he listened. Minikin went on with the story:



He called Mrs. Tepper and Joan to come

"Yes, of course, it was the princess. She had on a dress which appeared to be woven of flame and stars. And in her gold hair she wore a crown of diamonds, which twinkled with red and blue and yellow lights, like leaping sparks. That is why he had thought at a distance that there was a fire burning in the woods! He gave her the dragon's head, and the minute she touched it, it crumbled into

gray ashes, and he was released from his enchantment, and they lived happily ever afterward."

"Is that all?" asked Toby, regretfully.

"It is!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Toby.

"Aren't you sleepy?"

"Sleepy! Of course not, Minikin!"

"Did you like the story?"

"I loved it, Minikin!"

"Well, if you'll promise me something, I'll tell you another."

"I promise, Minikin!"

"Promise you'll kiss me again."

"Aren't you funny!" laughed Toby, as he kissed the Goblin's wrinkled cheek.

The Miller laughed, too. He couldn't help it, for you see he had his good temper back again. He called softly to Mrs. Tepper and Joan to come and peep.

And when the end of the second story had come and Toby for the second time had said, "Is that all?" the Miller pushed the door wide open, and invited the Goblin to stay and have breakfast with them: Strange to say, the invitation deeply disturbed Minikin, and a tear trickled out of each eye and ran down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Toby, with a troubled face.

"It's the needles!" said the Goblin.

"Needles?" cried the Miller.

"In my heart," exclaimed the Goblin. "For I tore the tablecloth, and, now, how are you going to have breakfast without a tablecloth?"

"Never you mind, poor little fellow," said Mrs. Tepper in a motherly tone. "I see you're sorry for what you have done.



On the stool sat dear little Toby, listening

It's so easy to forgive people when they're sorry! Do you like your egg hard-boiled?"

"Oh," said Joan, laughing, as she sat down to breakfast. "I feel as if there were two of me!"

For her shadow had seated itself beside her in its shadow chair to eat its shadow egg and drink its shadow milk with shadow buttered toast!

Minikin and Toby

AFTER that, Minikin dwelt in the mill and was seen by everybody, both by day and night. But he was shy except when he was with the Miller and Mrs. Tepper and Joan and fat little Toby. So, beyond "Good morning" and "Good evening" with a tipping of his green cap, he exchanged few words with visitors. But he was seen by the gaping farmers who brought their grain to be ground, helping with the work in the house and in the mill.

Jock became very prosperous. He had always been popular with everyone, as you know. But, now, curiosity brought strangers from distant farms to his door. Everybody wanted to see the Goblin who had come to live in the mill. And when they found how excellently the grain was ground, and how jolly the Miller was, and how fairly they were treated, they came again. And there was always another peep to be had at Minikin, who was neither Goblin nor Brownie!

“He is surely a most wonderful and mysterious little creature!” they would say. They wished such luck would come walking in at their doors, without knocking!

Yes, the Miller became more and more prosperous. He hid a stocking away (you couldn’t guess where), and it was filled to the top with gold money. He had so much work, that you would wonder one man could do it all. But with Minikin’s help, the work vanished like magic.

At last he said to the Goblin, “You must let me pay you a salary.” But Minikin shook his head and vowed he would not take so much as a penny. At last the Miller persuaded him to accept half a crown a week.

Can you guess what the Goblin did

with the money? First of all, he bought Mrs. Tepper a new teapot with the sweetest little bunches of pink and blue roses painted on it. And then he made her a present of a whole dozen teacups to match, and a sugar bowl, and the most beautiful tablecloth. After that he spent all his salary on presents for Toby, so that Toby was able to pretend that almost any day in the year was a birthday or Christmas!

“I wish the King would come and drink tea out of my beautiful cups!” Toby’s mother said. And her wish soon came true. His Majesty paid a visit to the mill and was overjoyed to think that the Miller could once more be included in his collection of good-tempered friends.

“You know I value good temper above

everything," said he, helping himself to two lumps of sugar. "And there are altogether too few good-tempered people in this world!"

"Ah, yes," sighed Mrs. Tepper. "And I'm fortunate to have three of them belonging to me. I might say four, for I'm sure there's no sweeter little fellow in the world than Minikin!"

The celebrated artist returned with his paints and portfolio, and pretty Joan sat betwixt the candle and the white sheet of paper on the wall, and her shadow was so beautiful that the great man was overcome with joy. Soon her dainty profile adorned all the coins of the kingdom, and the Queen, who had asked to see the original, was so delighted with Joan that she asked her to be her Maid of Honor.

So it happened that Toby went one day to the King's castle. And Minikin, who would not be separated from him, went, too. They were to play with the Prince, in the hope that they might cheer him up a bit; but, strange to say, this young person whom Toby had discovered sulking in a corner of the gold coach long ago, was still as disagreeable as ever.

When Minikin and Toby arrived, the Prince was rolling in the pansy bed!

"Well, my word, what's the matter with you?" Minikin asked.

"I'm having a good time," boasted the Prince.

"A good time!" cried Minikin. Then he bent closer, fixing his sharp eyes upon the Prince, while he rubbed his chin with a bony hand. "Just think of it, Toby!"

he muttered. "And now I really do feel the needles inside! Just think of it, Toby! I'll have to go home and see Grandpa, and Auntie, not to mention a lot of disagreeable young cousins, who'll tweak my nose, probably! But never mind, I deserve it!" he sighed.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Minikin, really I don't," said Toby.

"It wasn't the last of my collection!" Minikin winked. But Toby was no wiser than before.

With a thin finger the Goblin tapped his high, wrinkled forehead. "It must be in that bottle on the top shelf of the cupboard," said he, as if trying to remember something. "But I'll be back for supper!"

He skipped off and away, along the

streets of the town and across the fields, to nobody knows where. But he came back as he had promised in time for tea.

So it happened that the little Prince was given back something he had lost, too. From that time on he was most agreeable and he and Toby became fast friends, Toby finding him the jolliest of playmates. His father, the King, was so delighted with both these young persons that he even added them to his collection, and they were allowed to come in for dessert at the semiannual dinners.

At last Toby outgrew his own little green suit, and had to give it to Minikin for a second best. The Goblin grew no bigger, only more and more wrinkled.

Soon Toby went to school, where he learned that the earth is round, and that there are sixty seconds in a minute, and

that King Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, and many other interesting things.

Minikin and Toby might then be seen evenings, sitting together on the mill doorstep, the Goblin with his green cap on (now a little faded), playing a tune on the tin whistle Toby had given

him long ago. From time to time he would take from his waistcoat pocket a little round looking-glass.

"I think you are awfully vain," Toby would say, pretending to be shocked.

But he knew that Minikin was only looking at his wrinkles to be sure the corners turned up!









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